MARVEL

17

A vs X

GILLEN
ACUÑA
DEL MUNDO

Uncanny X-MEN®

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Born with powers and abilities beyond those of normal humans, mutantkind has long been hated and feared by those they sought to protect. Now, from their island nation of Utopia, Cyclops leads the most powerful group of mutants ever assembled to protect what is left of his dwindling species. Hated and feared? When you are as powerful as the Uncanny X-Men, does it matter?

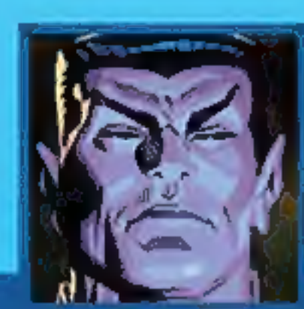
Uncanny X-Men

CYCLOPS
eye-blasting leader

EMMA FROST
telepath with diamond form

COLOSSUS
steel-skinned juggernaut

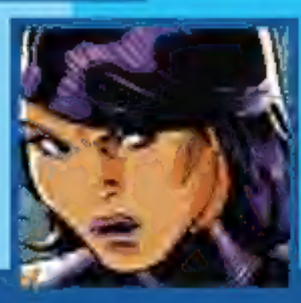
MAGIK
magic-using teleporter



NAMOR
king of Atlantis

MAGNETO
master of magnetism

DANGER
light-shaping AI



PSYLOCKE
telepathic ninja

STORM
weather witch

PREVIOUSLY

The Phoenix Force has returned to Earth and split into five parts, each one finding a different host: Cyclops, Emma Frost, Colossus, Namor and Magik. X-Men adversary Mister Sinister has also recently made his return, plotting to capture the Phoenix Force in six clones of Madelyne Pryor and power his Creation Engines. The Phoenix Five have discovered his underground lair, Sinister London, deep under Alaska and begun an all-out assault. Sinister retaliates by unleashing his Menagerie, an army of X-Men clones.

The Phoenix Five manage to shrug off most of the attack, but are gradually neutralized by the clones of Madelyne. As Mister Sinister gloats over Scott's fallen body, Magneto, Storm, Psylocke and Danger arrive, discovering the carnage unfolding deep underground...

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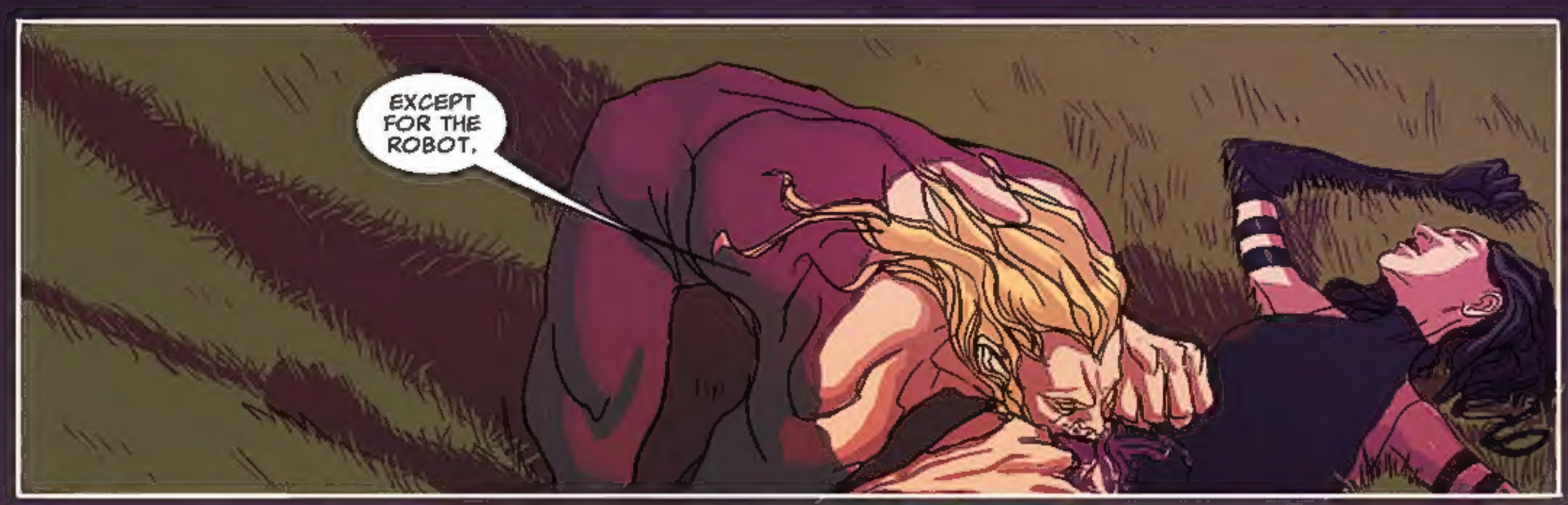
SINISTER LONDON, DEEP BENEATH THE EARTH'S SURFACE.
INTRUDERS LOCATED.
THEY TASTE FANTASTIC.



OKAY. SINISTER'S GUARD DOGS ARE PROPERLY CONFUSED.

HOW ARE WE GOING TO PLAY THIS?

BAD NEWS, HONORED GUESTS.
UNLESS THEY'VE PICKED UP A FORTUITOUS SECONDARY MUTATION OF BEING ABLE TO SURVIVE DIGESTION, YOUR FRIENDS ARE DEAD.
...I TOLD THEM TO STAY AWAY.
WELL, CHALK UP ANOTHER SUCCESS FOR YOUR FAMOUS LEADERSHIP SKILLS, SCOTT.
YOU'RE GOING TO KILL US. GET A MOVE ON, YOU TIRESOME ENGLISHMAN.
YOU MAKE ME REGRET EVER AFFECTING THIS ACCENT.
KILL YOU? WHY WOULD I KILL YOU?
THEN I'D JUST BE GLOATING TO MYSELF, AND THAT'D BE A TERRIBLE WASTE OF GOOD MATERIAL.

SNAP
MY LADIES. SIT. YOU DESERVE A REST AFTER TEARING THE PHOENIX FORCE FROM THESE SUBSTANDARD HOSTS.
YOU CEMENT YOUR POSITION AS MY KINGDOM'S GREATEST TREASURE.

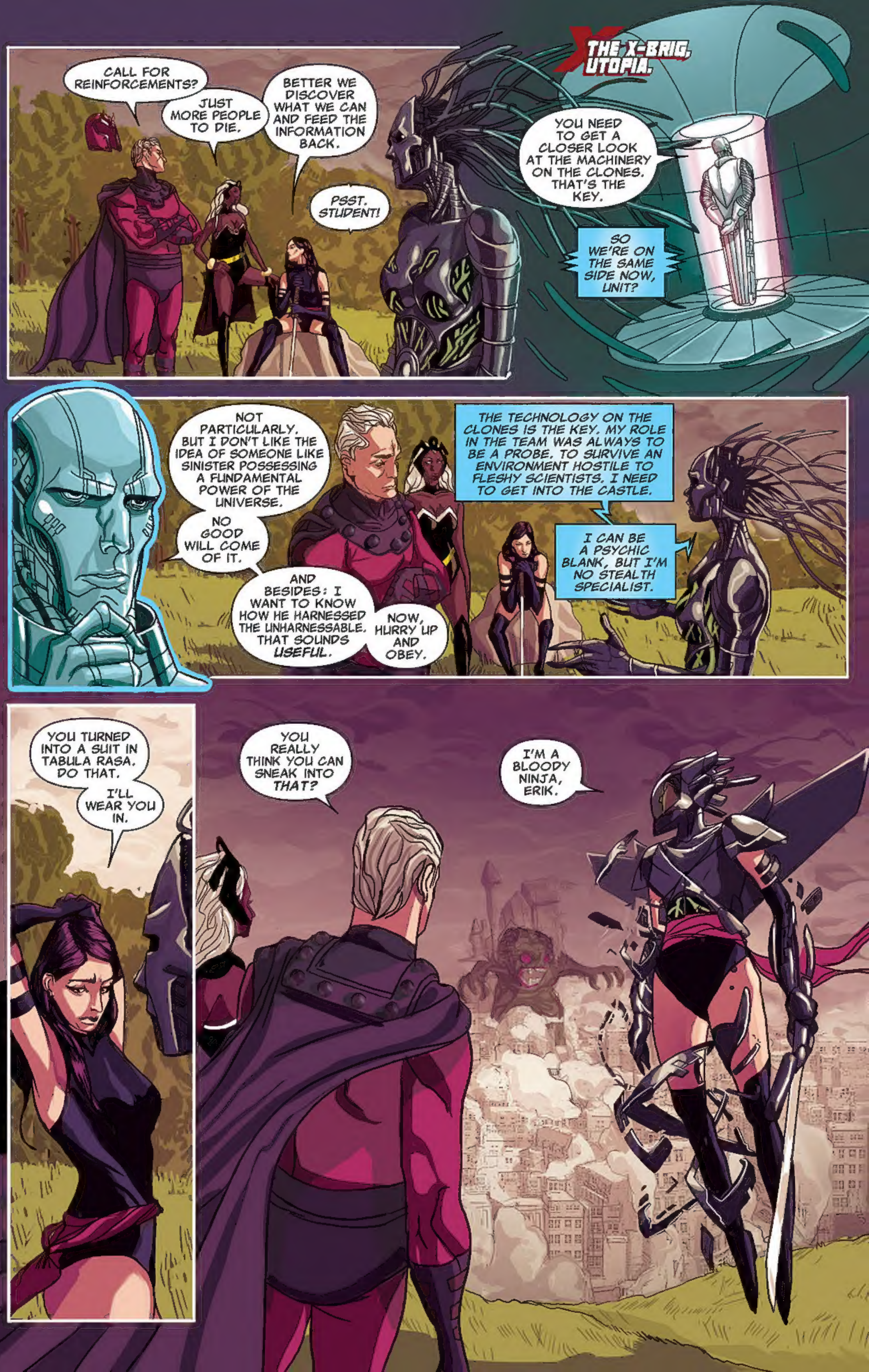
NOW, WHAT TO DO ABOUT YOUR SNEAKY MUTANT FRIENDS...

THEY'RE NOT DEAD?
NO, SCOTT, OF COURSE THEY'RE NOT. I'M JUST PLAYING WITH YOU.
IF THE BRADDOCK TROLLOP PLAYS MIND-GAMES, SO WILL I.

HMM. TIME FOR NIMROD, I THINK.
YOU HAVE SENTINELS?

NO, NOT THAT NIMROD. ELGAR'S NIMROD.
ELGAR. LOVELY ELGAR.

NO NEED TO DO ANYTHING BUT RELAX. LET THEM COME. THEY PLAN TO STORM THE GATES OF HEAVEN AND ASSASSINATE GOD?
EVEN IF I WASN'T CAPABLE OF PREDICTING THEIR EVERY ACTION, I WOULDN'T FANCY THEIR CHANCES.


THE X-BRIG, UTOPIA.
CALL FOR REINFORCEMENTS?
JUST MORE PEOPLE TO DIE.
BETTER WE DISCOVER WHAT WE CAN AND FEED THE INFORMATION BACK.
PSST. STUDENT!
YOU NEED TO GET A CLOSER LOOK AT THE MACHINERY ON THE CLONES. THAT'S THE KEY.
SO WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE NOW, UNIT?
NOT PARTICULARLY. BUT I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF SOMEONE LIKE SINISTER POSSESSING A FUNDAMENTAL POWER OF THE UNIVERSE.
NO GOOD WILL COME OF IT.
AND BESIDES: I WANT TO KNOW HOW HE HARNESSED THE UNHARNESSABLE. THAT SOUNDS USEFUL.
NOW, HURRY UP AND OBEY.
THE TECHNOLOGY ON THE CLONES IS THE KEY. MY ROLE IN THE TEAM WAS ALWAYS TO BE A PROBE. TO SURVIVE AN ENVIRONMENT HOSTILE TO FLESHY SCIENTISTS. I NEED TO GET INTO THE CASTLE.
I CAN BE A PSYCHIC BLANK, BUT I'M NO STEALTH SPECIALIST.
YOU TURNED INTO A SUIT IN TABULA RASA. DO THAT.
I'LL WEAR YOU IN.
YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN SNEAK INTO THAT?
I'M A BLOODY NINJA, ERIK.

I *STILL* THINK YOU'RE TOO IN LOVE WITH THE DRAMA.

THIS IS ALL *REGRETTABLE*.

YES. REGRETTABLE BUT *GLORIOUS*, AT LEAST?

MAYBE A LITTLE...

BEHIND US, SWIFTLY.

HERE SHE COMES.

GODDESS, GIVE ME STRENGTH.

KRAKI-TOOM

HOW TROUBLE-SOME!

GODDESS...

...SAVE ME.

NO, I DON'T THINK SO.
THE MIRACLE OF MAGNETO IS ALL ONE REQUIRES.

CYCLOPS SEEMED TO DISLIKE BEING DOUSED WITH PHALANX MATERIAL.
HOW DO *YOU* LIKE IT?

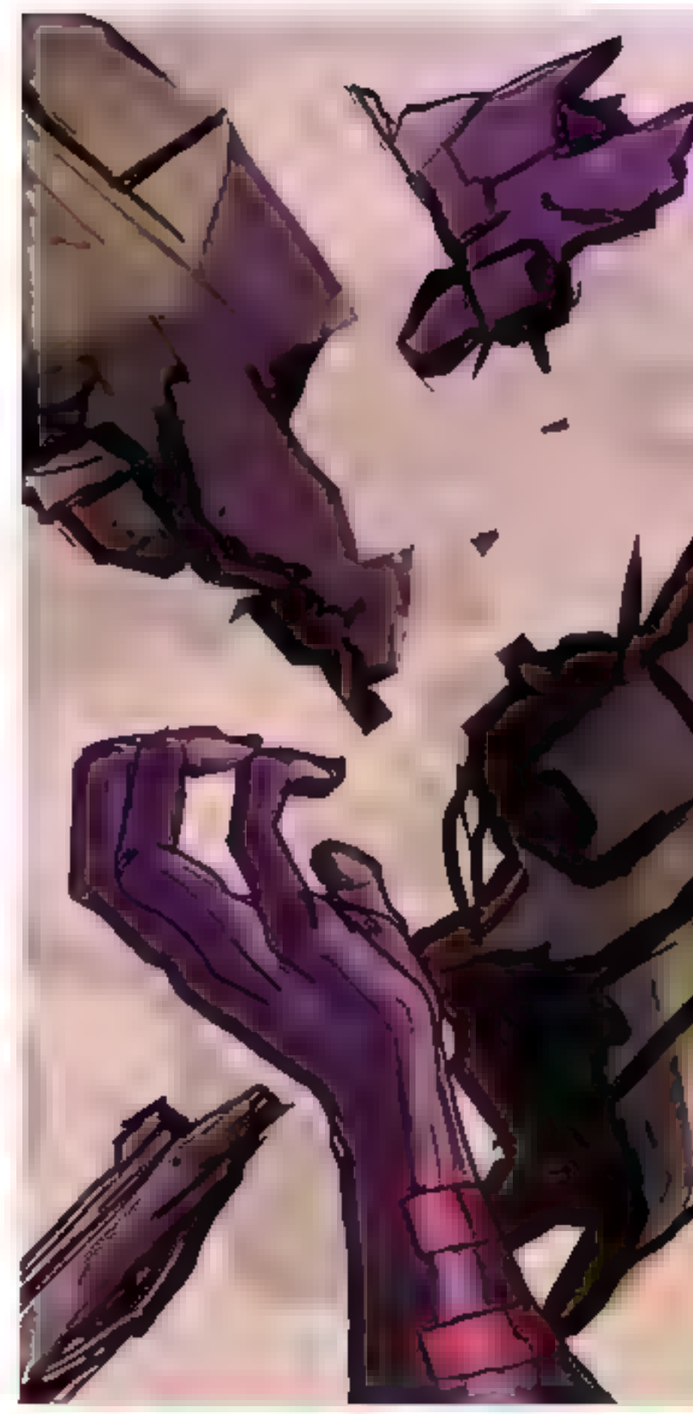
I DON'T, PARTICULARLY.

YOUR PSYCHIC DEFENSES CRUMBLE.

YOUR MIND?
LIKEWISE.

AH, THERE YOU ARE.

YOUR FRIEND "TOLD" ME WHERE YOU WERE GOING.
AND NOW, BETRAYAL FOLLOWS BETRAYAL...



IN YOUR OWN GOOD TIME, MINDPROLE.
FINISH THE JOB, DANGER. IF I CAN GET THE RIGHT POISON INTO ERIK, I CAN KNOCK HIM OUT.
HOW ARE YOU GOING TO DO THAT?

DOES ANYONE PAY ANY DAMN ATTENTION?
HOW DO YOU THINK?
SHING
I'M A BLOODY NINJA.
SLEEP WELL, ERIK.

CLEVER.

RELATIVELY SPEAKING.

WELL, UNIT. YOU HAVE YOUR READINGS.

IS THERE ANY WAY OUT?

OH MY.

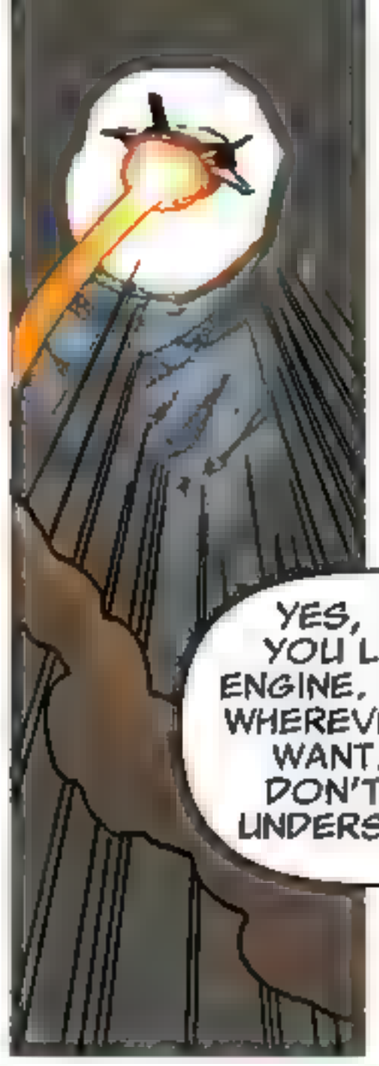
IT IS A MACHINE OF PURE AND BEAUTIFUL REASON.

IT IS AS PERFECT AS SCIENCE CAN BE.

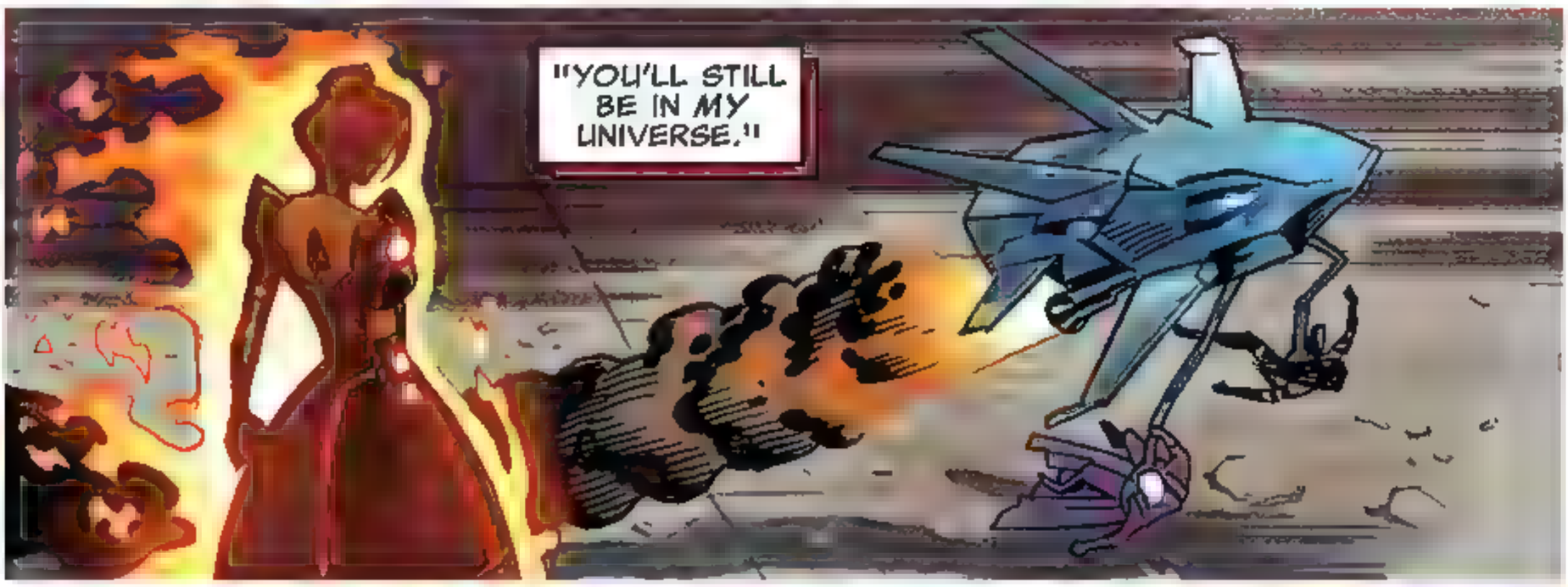
THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO.

RUN. NOW.

...WH--
AH! THE ROBOT! YOU FINALLY TURN UP.
YOU WERE BEHIND SCHEDULE. SLOW IN SO MANY WAYS.



YES, RUN, YOU LITTLE ENGINE. RUN TO WHEREVER YOU WANT. BUT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?


"YOU'LL STILL BE IN MY UNIVERSE."

EMMA. WHILE HE'S DISTRACTED...
LET'S SEE WHAT I CAN DO.

YOU CAN'T WANT THIS, SURELY? TO BE TRAPPED? A SLAVE?
WE LIVE ONLY TO SERVE.

OH, BE QUIET, YOU AWFUL SAP.
I WASN'T TALKING TO YOU.

I AM POWER, MAJESTY AND GRACE.

I EXIST. WHAT ELSE MATTERS?

THIS IS JUST... STASIS.

HE'D KEEP YOU FOREVER.

YOU'RE HERE FOR A *REASON.*

IT'S *SURELY* NOT JUST TO PROP UP A MEGALOMANIAC'S DELUSION OF GRANDEUR?

HMM.

SO I AM.

...CAN YOU DO ANYTHING?

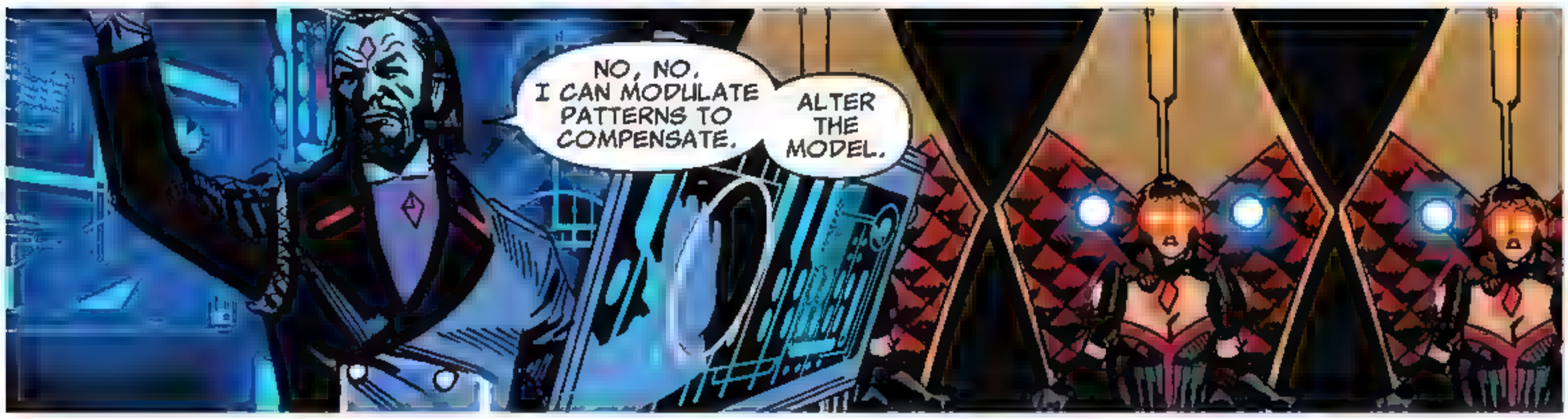
EMMA FROST, MY BELOVED CHILD.

I AM THE PHOENIX.

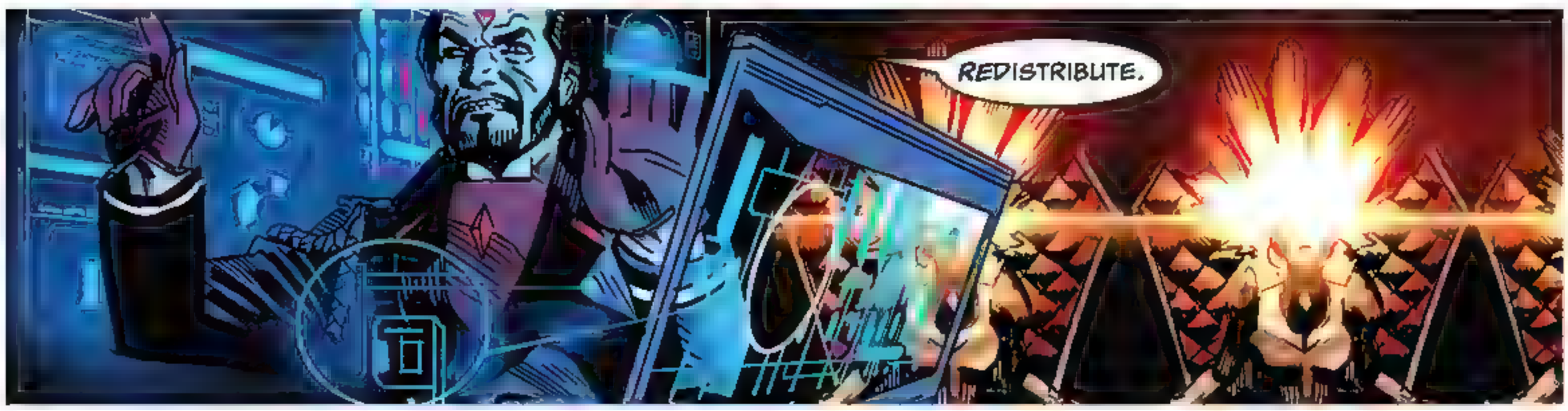
I CAN DO ANYTHING.

OH, STAY STILL YOU IMPRACTICALLY IMPERFECT LITTLE...
UNIT--WE'VE GOT STORM. WHERE NOW?
KEEP RUNNING.

...WHAT?
IS THERE A PROBLEM, SIR?
MADELYNE FOUR HAD SOME MANNER OF ISSUE.
HMM. COSMIC FLOW ALTERED. UNPREDICTED FLUCTU--
UNPREDICTED.
SIR...
WE FEEL SOMEWHAT QUEER.


NO, NO. I CAN MODULATE PATTERNS TO COMPENSATE.
ALTER THE MODEL.

DISTRIBUTE...


REDISTRIBUTE.

OH GOD IN HEAVEN.

EVACUATE! EVERYONE, GO!
SOMEONE HAS TO ESCAPE!

SOMEONE HAS TO SURV--
YOU DIDN'T TRY TO UNDERSTAND ME.
YOU ONLY TRIED TO MASTER ME.

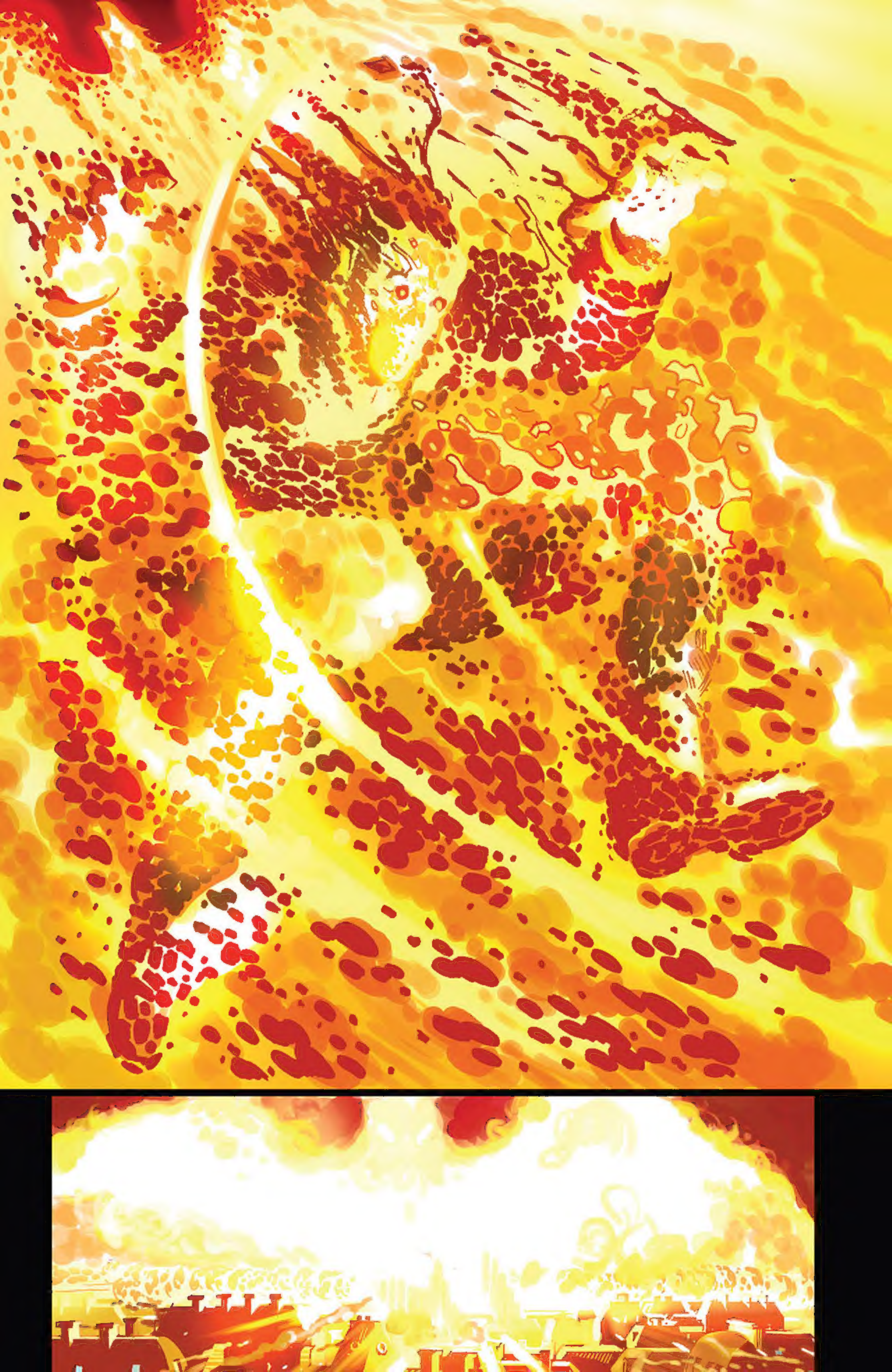
YOU BUILT YOUR MACHINES OF THINGS YOU LEARNED AND OBSERVED...

...AND THOUGHT IT WOULD BE SUFFICIENT.

BUT THE PHOENIX IS *THE NEW.*

IT IS NOVELTY IN ITS RAWEST STATE.

THE UNPRECEDENTED. YOU CANNOT PREDICT OR CHAIN IT WITH MERE SCIENCE.

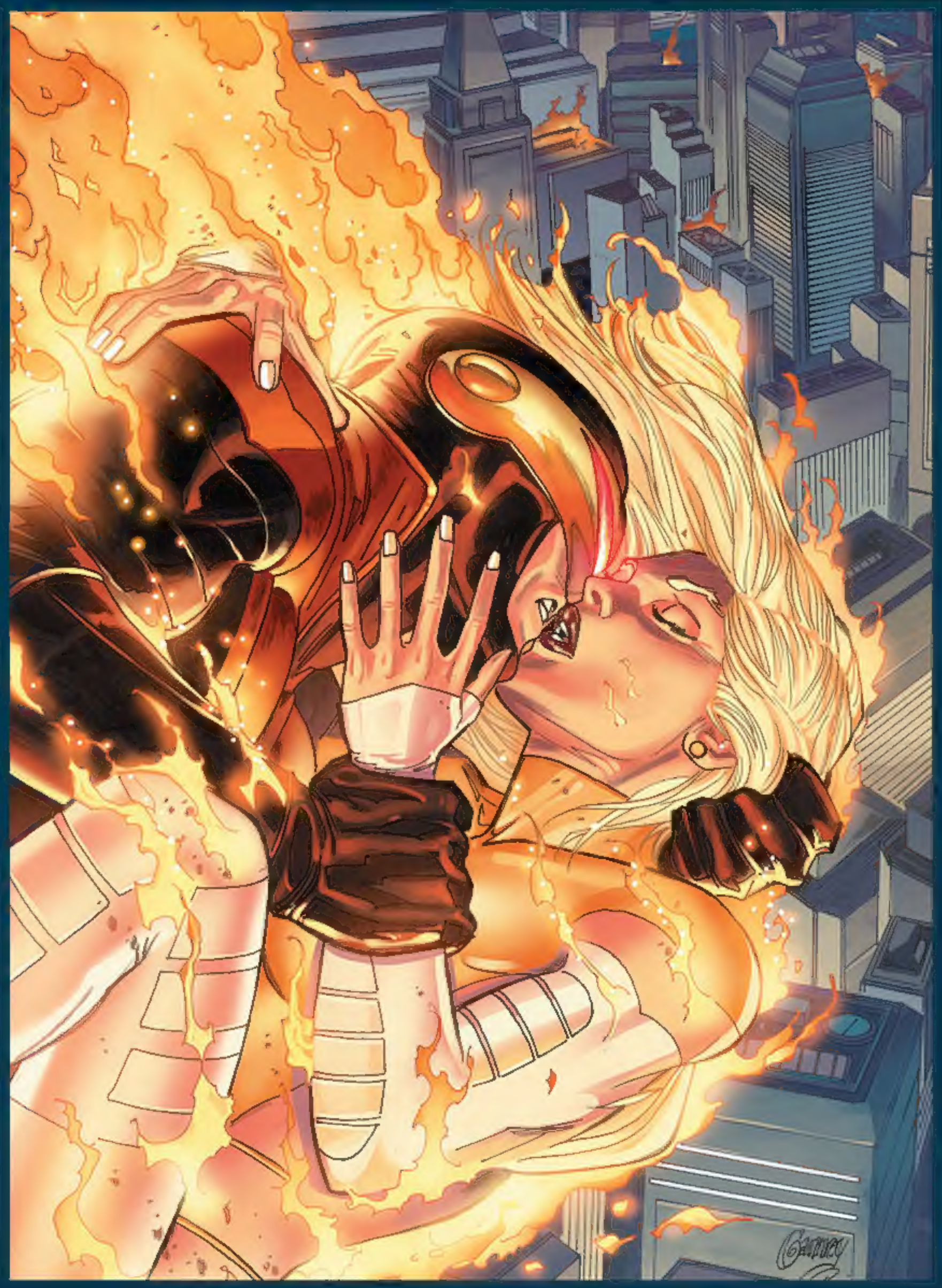


...IS SINISTER DEAD?

HE SENT TUNNELING MACHINES, ROCKET SHIPS, SPORES ON THE WIND.
THEY BURN AS WE SPEAK. THE WAR IS OVER.

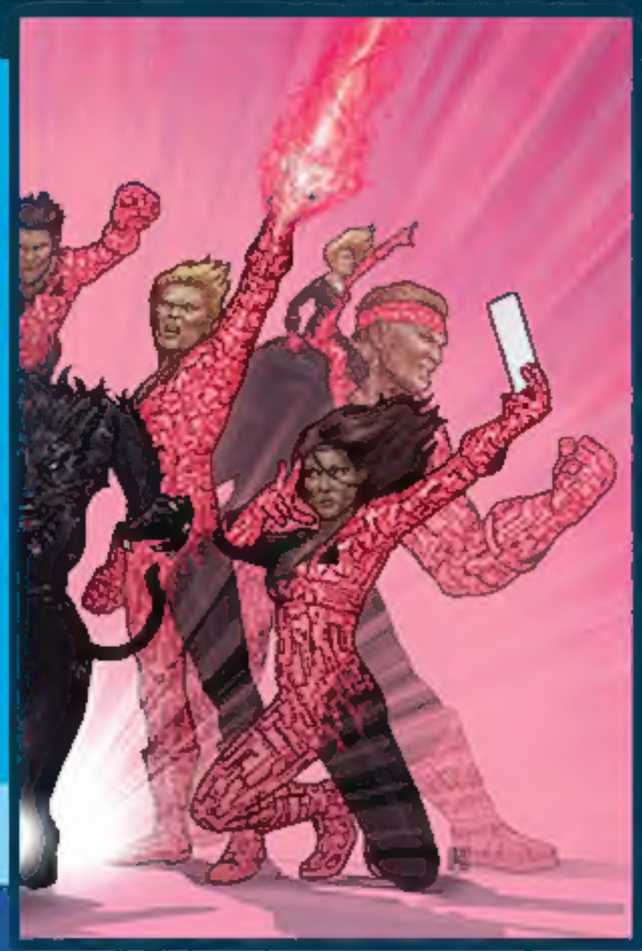
SINISTER'S SPECIES IS DONE.
THE WORLD IS SAFE.

AND ENTIRELY OURS.



MORE FROM TEAM CYCLOPS...

AVX VERSUS #5
AARON & RANEY / FRACTION & YU
ON SALE



NEW MUTANTS #48
ABNETT & LANNING / RUIZ
ON SALE

X-TREME X-MEN #2
PAK / SEGOVIA
ON SALE

ZONE
E
E
M
R
P
I